

## **Nancy Would Never Retreat Again by Thundercloudfantastic**

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**Summary:** This story explores what happened and did not happen between Nancy and Jonathan behind the closed door of Murray's guest room and beyond. Nancy's POV. A little bit smutty at times.

# 1. Chapter 1

Nancy walked out of the guest room, barely getting past the door before practically running into Jonathan Byers.

Nancy looked at him expectantly and was about to ask if everything was okay when Jonathan leaned in and kissed her. The kiss was hesitant but nevertheless Nancy felt a twinge of something deep down. Surprised by the contact, Nancy jumped back, her eyes wide and her mouth open. She started to say something but no words came out. Her mind reeling from Jonathan's bold and unexpected move.

Jonathan didn't speak either. He just looked at Nancy intently with such want that she lost all rational thought. His eyes darted back to Nancy's lips. Before she could process what was happening, Nancy lounged towards Jonathan, capturing his lips and pressing her body into his.

The kiss was like nothing Nancy had ever felt before. Certainly, it wasn't like anything she had felt when Steve kissed her. Full of lust, but more importantly need, as if each passing moment they were afraid it would be their last. Nancy felt a tidal wave of uncontrollable desire sweep across her body with each passing stroke of Jonathan's tongue against her own. It was as if Jonathan was opening up a door inside of her soul—a door that she didn't even know was there, much less had been closed. Jonathan wrapped his arms around her body, holding her tight against him and slightly moaning each time their lips parted for air. Jonathan's warmth enveloped her entirely and she internally wished that time would stand still so she could stay wrapped up in his embrace forever. Nancy wanted more. No, she *needed* more.

As Jonathan cupped her face with both hands, Nancy pulled him towards the bedroom. He eagerly followed her past the threshold as Nancy slammed the door behind them. They hurriedly stumbled towards the bed, ensuring that their lips never parted, except for the occasional gasp of air, while Jonathan pulled her tighter into his embrace until she no longer knew where his body ended and hers began.

*In the dead of night, when Nancy was alone in her bedroom and unable to sleep, she would often think of Jonathan. Of his intent stares and shy smiles. Of what his kisses would feel like. Of what his body would feel like next to hers. Of what he would feel like inside of her. Those thoughts would inevitably lead to Nancy's hips moving against her hand until she found sweet release.*

This moment, as they lingered by the side of the bed, was better than any fantasy she had as the familiar need for release began to build inside of her. Jonathan stopped and whispered softly, "Nancy?" With his breath labored and his lips swollen, Nancy thought he was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

While it was just her name, she knew by this simple word that he was really asking whether she was okay. Even now, in the throes of passion, Jonathan was worried about her, looking to take care of her and making sure that she was safe. That simple act of pure selflessness made her core ache for him.

"Yes," she pleaded, climbing onto the bed as she grabbed the collar of his shirt towards her and fell backwards on to the mattress. Their lips came together with as much force and need as before; the mattress squeaking from the thrashing of their bodies. Nancy's hips instinctually grinded against his multiples times, sending waves of pleasures through her body just like in her fantasies.

Jonathan moaned loudly unable to hold back the pleasure that he was feeling as her hips bucked up against his once, twice, thrice more. Nancy moaned back. *Does he have any idea what his moans were doing to her, Nancy wondered.* Jonathan willingly pressed his body into hers, returning her grinding with some of his own. His mouth moved to her neck, finding the sensitive spot that somehow had a direct connection to her folds. Jonathan sucked and licked that spot until Nancy moaned, "Jonathan." Her hands threaded into his hair. *How many times had she thought about running her hands through Jonathan's hair over the last year? A hundred times, a thousand, she couldn't be sure.* She found his hair was softer than she had dared imagine.

Jonathan's hands wandered down her neck, past her shoulder and down her arm. Nancy held her breathe as she waited with

anticipation before he found her left breast and began kneading softly and firmly pressing her nipple. *Oh, god, yes*, Nancy thought as you let out a low sigh. After several minutes, Jonathan's hands moved past her breasts, heading towards the hem of her nightgown. *Yes. Hurry. I need you*, she thought. Jonathan hesitated, seeming unsure of himself. Not wanting to lose the momentum, Nancy's hand reciprocated, wandering down his back towards the ends of his night shirt and lifting it up towards his head as her fingers lightly sweep his taut skin.

"Off," she panted.

In one fell swoop, Jonathan grabbed his shirt and pulled it over his head. Nancy's eyes swept over his body. He was toner than she had expected. He had clearly been working out. *Sit-ups and pushups, maybe? she wondered.* The idea of Jonathan Byers working out drove Nancy wild, causing her hips to buck up against his with more force and intensity than previously, and sending another round of pleasure waves through her body.

Jonathan reciprocated with his own set of thrusts, firmly pressing his groin into her inner thighs. Both let out a gasp before his lips found hers once again. Needing to feel her skin against his, Nancy grabbed her night gown and pulled it over her head.

Jonathan scanned her half-naked body with something close to reverence. "You're so," he paused not knowing if he could find the right words. "So beautiful." Jonathan said in awe.

Blushing, Nancy pulled him towards her. "No, you are", she replied, making a point to stare directly into his eyes. He stared back with his trademark intensity. Neither one saying anything but sharing so much in that moment. *Has anyone ever looked at me the way Jonathan looks at me? Has anyone ever looked at anyone the way that Jonathan looks at me?* Nancy pondered.

Jonathan kissed her again. While the other kisses had been fast and full of teenage desire, this one was slow, gentle and deep as if Jonathan was trying to convey everything he felt in that one kiss.

When their lips parted, Nancy moaned loudly, "Jonathan."

At that moment, noises from upstairs of Murray shuffling around traveled downstairs.

Jonathan stopped. "Nancy," he panted. "Nancy, we need to stop."

"No," she said frantically. "I don't care if Murray hears us. I want this."

"I want this too—you have no idea," he said as his head rested on her forehead. "But if we don't stop now, I can't promise that I'll be able to stop later."

Nancy reached for Jonathan. "I don't want you to stop. I never want this to stop."

"Nancy, I don't want our first time to be quiet and fast in the dirty guest room of a paranoid, disgraced journalist. You deserve something better than this," he said as his hand motioned to the room for effect. "I want our first time, if you'll have me, to be special. I want it to be long and slow and loud."

*Long and slow and loud. That sounded divine. Where had this Byers been hiding and why did I waste an entire year before finding him? She asked herself.*

Jonathan kissed Nancy's forehead and slowly rolled off her as he sat up on the bed, attempting to collect himself before leaving. Nancy immediately missed the warmth and weight of his body on hers.

Jonathan proceeded to get up from the bed, but Nancy reached for him. "You don't have to go. Stay with me."

"I don't think that is a good idea," Jonathan replied regretfully.

"Please. I promise to be a good girl and keep my hands to myself." She smiled.

"You promise to be good? I don't think that's possible." Jonathan smirked

Nancy flinched in shock, but simply responded with an earnest, "Scout's honor."

Jonathan smiled, laying down next to Nancy. Nancy snuggled up to him, wrapping her arms around his waist as her head settled into the crook of his neck. They laid there for a while without saying a word, their chests rising and falling in unison as their breath fell into a synchronized rhythm.

"Nancy," Jonathan whispered as he gently stroked her hair.

"Mmhhmm," Nancy responded sleepily.

"Where were you going when you left your room tonight? The time before I kissed you?"

"I was coming to see you."

"Why?" Jonathan asked hesitantly. "Why were you coming to see me?"

Nancy sighed. *Was he really going to make her say it? She supposed she needed to say it for both of them. To clear up any confusion that he might be feeling in what tonight meant.* "Because I wanted to tell you that Murray was right." She paused without saying more.

"Right about what?" Jonathan quietly questioned.

"That I'm not in love with Steve. That I never was in love with Steve. That I had retreated because it was the easy thing to do even though it wasn't the right thing to do."

Jonathan didn't say anything. He just looked at the ceiling, holding his breath.

Feeling more courageous after everything that had just happened between them, Nancy continued. "I was coming to tell you that things were over between me and Steve, and that I would wait for you for as long as you needed me to."

Jonathan rolled over and closed the gap between them in an instance, capturing Nancy's lips fervently. Jonathan's hands cupping her face like earlier that night.

When they parted, Nancy pressed on, "I should have waited longer

for you. I'm sorry."

"You must think I'm such a wuss," Jonathan stated.

"No... Hey, I don't think that at all. You're one of the bravest people I know. Didn't you fight a Demogorgon from the Upside Down with me last year?" She asked.

"I'm pretty sure that you are the reason we are both still here." He lamented.

"I wish you could see yourself like the way that I see you, because if you did, you would know how amazing you are."

"Yeah okay." Jonathan shrugged, looking down at the bedspread, clearly not believing her.

Nancy sighed. *Murray was right about one other thing. This boy – this beautiful, messed up boy – had trust issues.*

"Jonathan Byers, you listen to me. You. Are. Amazing. I know that you would do anything for Will and your mom...even die for them. I know that you carry the world on your shoulders, but despite that you are always kind and sweet and willing to help a friend in need. I know that even though you never say anything in class unless a teacher forces you to that you are one of the smartest kids in school. I know that you take the most beautiful pictures and have the strangest taste in music. And I know that no one has ever made me feel the way that you make me feel, and not just tonight, but every day that I've spent with you. Anybody who doesn't see how amazing you are is not worthy of you, not the other way around."

Jonathan sat stunned. Nancy leaped into his arms again, pushing him down into the bed while she laid on top. Kissing him firmly. Jonathan's hands traveled up and down Nancy's back, finding her bum and gently squeezing it. Nancy pressed into Jonathan's erection over and over and over again, with the fabric of his pajama bottoms and her underwear the only thing between them. *So close, she thought.* Both let out primal moans as pleasure eventually washed over them. Nancy fell against him, daring not to move as she reveled in the up and downs of his chest while his breathe returned to normal. They

laid there for several moments—hot, tangled and sweaty.

"Can we do it now?" she asked, clearly teasing him.

Jonathan laughed. "No. Now go to sleep," Jonathan stated in that firm voice that he reserved for Will when he refused to go to bed. "I seem to recall that you promised to keep your hands to yourself, remember?" His tone clearly noting the irony of how they had gotten each other off moments ago.

"Yeah about that. I had my fingers crossed so that promise didn't count." She smirked.

"I knew Nancy Wheeler couldn't be good." He deadpanned.

She laughed. "You no me too well, Byers."

Deciding that she had tortured Jonathan enough for now, she climbed under the covers, waiting for him to join her. He obliged, laying down next to her as he wrapped his arms around her. She nestled into the crook of his neck once more.

After several minutes, Nancy stated half-asleep but bemused, "Jonathan?"

"Yes?"

"Can we do it soon?"

"Very soon," he replied.



## 2. Chapter 2

The lights suddenly burned brightly as they sat in Hopper's cabin, having just saved Will from the Shadow Monster. Joyce held her boys close, as Nancy looked on. They each believed that the brightness meant that Eleven was winning against the Mind Flayer but they couldn't be sure. Will leaned against Jonathan for support and comfort as they waited for the call from Hopper that the gate was closed.

Forty-five minutes later—although it felt more like a lifetime to Nancy—they received a message over the walkie-talkie from the Chief. "It's closed. We're safe." A collective sigh of relief washed over the current occupants of the cabin.

"Let's go home," Joyce stated, trying to sound up beat but exhausted from the week's events. Nancy nodded in agreement, relieved that the ordeal appeared to be over, at least for now.

"Are you up for a ride in the car?" Jonathan asked, studying Will for any sign that he was too sick to handle the trip.

Will replied softly, "Yeah, I want to sleep in my own bed tonight."

"Okay, then, let's go home," Jonathan quietly responded.

Nancy and Joyce began tidying up the small cabin for Hopper and El's return. When the last heater was packed in the trunk of Jonathan's car, Jonathan picked up Will, who was still too weak to walk on his own, and carried him to the car. Joyce joined Will in the back seat and Nancy climbed into the front passenger seat.

As Jonathan drove down the dark streets heading back to the Byers' house, Nancy couldn't help but think about the Shadow Monster exiting Will's body and flying away into the night sky. Nancy shuddered to think how it had possessed Will and had spied on all of them. *What had it learned? What would it do with the information that it had learned? She wondered.*

Jonathan remained quiet on the drive home, taking his eyes off the

road only to steal frequent glances into the backseat to see how Will was doing. Nancy could see that Jonathan was feeling a tremendous amount of guilt in failing to protect Will from the Shadow Monster. She knew that he would carry that weight around for weeks to come—just as he had done last year when Will had been lost and finally saved from the Upside Down. Nancy wished there was something that she could do, but tonight had shown her that they were up against a Thing more terrifying and more cunning than a single Demogorgon. Nancy stared out the window, internally making a list of all the things that they had learned about the Mind Flayer so they would be better prepared the next time the Upside Down invaded their lives.

Jonathan made the turn onto his driveway. Having seen the car lights, the kids came running out the front door of the Byers' modest house, followed closely by Steve. Lucas was the first to reach the car with Max, Dustin and Mike right behind him. Lucas asked urgently, "Will, is he okay?"

Joyce responded as she climbed out of the car, "Will is safe. We got that Thing out of him, but he is really weak and needs to rest."

Nancy knew it would be a long time before Will was okay, or any of them for that matter, and she hated that fact.

Will responded with a slight smile, "Hey guys..., um, hey Max."

Dustin stepped in front of the gang to talk to Will, "Hey, buddy, we set fire to the tunnels in the Upside Down. It was awesome."

"Really?" Will questioned, looking surprised but happy.

Nancy immediately jumped out of the car and yelled, "What?" She looked at Dustin, and then at her brother before setting her sights on Steve. She stomped over to Steve and began yelling, "You were supposed to keep them safe, Steve."

Steve replied calmly, and in a causal tone. "I did keep them safe. See, they are all here," he stated as he pretended to count the kids. "...and they are alive. Just a few scratches." Nancy stared at Steve with more rage than she realized she was capable of. What if something bad had happened to Mike and she hadn't been there to protect him? How could

*she have lived with herself?* Nancy suddenly realized at that moment the depth of Jonathan's pain at being unable to protect Will.

Dustin immediately came to Steve's defense. "Nancy, one of our party needed our help, and it is our solemn duty to provide that help. We couldn't sit around and do nothing. We lured the demo-dogs away from the lab so El and Hopper could close the gate. Our plan worked. We're fine. Besides, we kidnapped Steve. He didn't have a choice."

Steve, choosing to leave the explanation of how they had made their way to the tunnels for another day, asked Jonathan as he approached the porch with Will in his arms, "You guys okay?"

"Yeah. I think so." Jonathan replied.

Steve nodded, replying with a simple but awkward, "Good."

Nancy decided that she was too exhausted to get to the bottom of what Steve and the kids had been up to while Jonathan and her had been helping Will. She resigned that perhaps not knowing all the answers for once was better in this instance.

Turning his attention to the kids, Steve yelled, "Okay, shitheads, let's get inside and wait for Hopper and El before we all freeze to death out here."

As the kids followed Steve back into the house, Nancy walked over to Mike before he reached the front door. "Mike, are you sure you're okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, you?"

"Yeah. I guess so."

Nancy pulled Mike into a hug. The Wheeler clan were not outwardly affection with each other and hugs were far and few between them, but tonight had shown Nancy that life was fragile. Mike didn't pull away from Nancy's embrace, his usual response to any affection that he received from his family, rather he returned her hug.

"Let's get inside." She responded when Mike finally pulled away.

Nancy sat in the living room with Steve and the kids, giving Jonathan and Joyce some time alone with Will. Everyone except Mike was quietly sitting and waiting for Hopper and El to arrive. Mike was pacing back and forth and checking his watch every couple of minutes.

"Where are they?" Mike yelled out in frustration. "It's been over an hour since El closed the gate. They should have been here by now. What if something bad happened?"

"I'm sure they're fine." Lucas stated. "Now will you stop pacing. You're driving me nuts!" Mike shot Lucas an incredulous look before returning to his pacing in the living room. Lucas was about to say something when Dustin said, "Let it go, man." Lucas sighed and nodded at Dustin.

Seconds later, the lights from Hopper's truck filled the living room.

"Finally." Mike yelled as he ran out the door. "El. El." The rest of the group looked on from the porch.

"She's fine, kid," Hopper guffed as he stepped out of his truck. "She's drained and needs her rest."

Mike ran over to the passenger side window. "El."

El was slumped against the door with her eyes closed. She opened her eyes slightly at the sound of his voice. "Mike," she smiled slightly. "I closed it."

"That's fantastic, El. I knew you could do it!"

Hopper, having made his way to the other side of the truck, lightly pushed Mike out of the way as he opened up the passenger door and scooped up El into his arms and headed towards the Byers' home.

Joyce was standing in the living room, directing Hopper to put the girl in her room. Hopper obliged heading directly for Joyce's bedroom as Mike followed closely behind. Hopper laid El down on the bed, telling Mike and the rest of the kids once again, "She needs to rest."

Mike ignored Hopper, and made his way to the side of the bed and grabbed El's hand. Mike gently whispered in El's ear. Hopper was about to intervene when Nancy touched his elbow. "Let them have a few minutes."

Hopper rubbed his face with his hands several times. "I'm going to smoke a cigarette... or two," he said before departing.

Nancy watched in wonder as her little brother continued to whisper words of encouragement at El, and gently brushed the hair out of her eyes. She had never seen him be so nurturing and caring before and Nancy realized that El wasn't just Mike's friend but something so much more to him. Suddenly feeling that she was intruding, Nancy stepped out of the room and ushered the kids to return to the living room.

While walking down the hall, Nancy looked into Will's room and saw Jonathan slumped over in the chair next to Will's bed, having fallen asleep. Nancy walked over to Jonathan and slightly shook him, whispering, "Jonathan. Jonathan." He sat up immediately, clearly startled, "What? Is everyone okay? Is Will okay?"

"Will's fine. He's sleeping." Nancy stated. "You feel asleep. Go to bed. I can watch Will."

"No, I'm fine. I just nodded off for a moment."

Joyce walked into the bedroom. "You both need to go to bed. I'll watch Will."

"Mom, I can watch Will. You should get some sleep."

"I will. Hopper and El are in my room. I'll sleep in here tonight."

"You sure?" Jonathan asked his mom.

"Yes. Now go on."

"Okay." Jonathan said as he rose from the chair, grabbing Nancy's hand and leading her to his room.

Jonathan sat down on his bed, putting his head in his hands. Not

knowing what else to do, Nancy sat down next to him, putting her hand on his shoulder. Neither said anything for several minutes.

Jonathan finally looked up at Nancy. "I've never been so terrified in my life. I thought for sure he was going to die." He choked, tears starting to well up in his eyes.

"But he didn't." Nancy replied softly. "Will is a fighter and he's going to be okay, eventually."

"Bob won't. Bob's dead. Will and my mom don't deserve this—Being possessed by an interdimensional monster. Having their boyfriend savagely killed by killer dogs. I don't know how they are going to get through this." Jonathan walked over to the closed door of his room before turning around and sliding down the door until he was sitting on the ground, returning his head to his hands.

"I never gave Bob a chance. My mom cared about him, and I never gave him a chance. And now he's dead. He loved my mom and he treated her well. She deserves to have someone like Bob in her life. He tried to get to know me, but I wouldn't let him. I didn't want him around and I made that pretty clear to him. I didn't want him around, because I didn't trust him. I kept waiting for him to hurt my mom or leave."

He continued, "God, Murray was right. I do have trust issues."

Nancy looked at Jonathan with concern. She wanted to say something comforting but she knew that the best thing she could do for Jonathan was to let him have a safe place to vent what he was feeling.

Jonathan closed his eyes. "It's hard to trust people when the person who is biologically hard-wired to love you and take care of you doesn't. If your own father hits you and leaves, how can you ever expect anyone else to stick around?"

Nancy was off the bed in an instance and kneeling before Jonathan. She had once heard her mother Karen talking to one of her friends over the phone about Lonnie being physical with Joyce before he had moved out. Jonathan came to school the next day wearing a long t-

shirt even though the temperatures had soared into the 80s. She had suspected that Lonnie had been physical with Jonathan too and that he was covering up any bruises that he might have received the day before. To hear him confirm her suspicions, broke Nancy's heart into a million pieces.

Nancy pulled Jonathan into a hug. They held each other for a long time before Nancy gently kissed his forehead, then softly planted a kiss over each eye, and then each cheek. Nancy looked into Jonathan's eyes as she gently kissed his mouth. Jonathan returned her gaze, sighing softly when her lips touched his. The kiss started off sweet and innocent but quickly moved to heated and passionate between the two. Nancy straddled Jonathan's lap as their tongues dueled for dominance. Jonathan lifted them both off the ground; Nancy legs wrapped around his waist as he carried her to the bed. Jonathan laid her gently down. Jonathan began kissing her neck, eliciting a soft moan from Nancy. "Shhhh, Wheeler," Jonathan smiled, loving the effect that he was having on her.

"I can't be quiet when you're doing that to me, Byers." Nancy replied wistfully. "This probably isn't a good idea when everyone we know is only a few feet away anyway."

"Yeah, you're right," Jonathan sighed in frustration. "What the hell was I thinking yesterday when I made us stop?"

"I have no idea," Nancy responded dryly, smiling up at him. Jonathan chuckled chastely kissing her on the lips. "Me neither."

"Thank you . . . for everything," Jonathan finally whispered before burying his head into her shoulder. Nancy wrapped her arms around Jonathan, holding him tightly until they both feel asleep.

**A/N: While I love Mileven, we seriously need more Jonathan and Nancy fics on this site. While this story wasn't originally going to be more than a one-shot, I thought it would be fun to explore Nancy's and Jonathan's journey through Nancy's POV. Hope you enjoyed this chapter. Leave me a review and let me know what you think.**

### 3. Chapter 3

The morning light began to peak between the blinds inside of Jonathan's room. Nancy's eyes fluttered open and landed on Jonathan's sleeping face who was just a few inches away. He looked peaceful, not like he had spent the night before performing an exorcist on his brother. Nancy noticed that he was sleeping on his stomach with his face smooshed into his pillow. She remembered that he was sleeping on his stomach the morning after he had pulled her out of the Upside Down and she had asked him to stay with her.

*Jonathan is a stomach sleeper, Nancy thought.* She liked learning new and unexpectant things about Jonathan. As she laid quietly on the bed, Nancy thought about how much her life had changed in the last year, how much it had changed even in the last 48 hours. If someone had told her a year ago that she would be sleeping in Jonathan Byers' bed, she would have told them that they were out of their mind. But, today, she couldn't imagine being anywhere else. In some respects, Nancy realized that when Jonathan pulled her from the Upside Down, he had irrevocably changed the course of her life.

Nancy smiled as she gently brushed the hair that had fallen down into his face. Jonathan stirred.

"Hey," he whispered before opening his eyes.

"Hey," she whispered back.

"Did you sleep?" He wondered.

"A little. You?" She replied.

"A little. What time is it?"

"7:05."

Jonathan grumbled.

Nancy laughed. "Not a morning person?"

"Not today." He replied as he buried his head into his pillow. "Thank



god, we don't have school today. Let's stay in bed all day." Jonathan stated suggestively before sitting up and pulling Nancy into a hug.

"Well, as much as I would love to stay in bed *with you all day*. I'm pretty sure that my mom is freaking out that Mike and I didn't come home last night. We probably should go home soon."

"I'll drive you."

"No, you don't have to do that. Mike and I can walk home. You should stay here with Will and your mom."

"Nancy, I'm not going to let you and Mike walk home. I'm happy to drive you. Besides, I'll tell your mom that Will was sick last night, that he had to be taken to the doctors, and that you and Mike helped us take care of him. Maybe you guys won't get in too much trouble. Moms love me."

"They do, do they?" Nancy chuckled. "And why exactly do moms love you again?"

"Because they think I'm a sweet, innocent and trustworthy kid. Which was all true until I started hanging out with Nancy Wheeler."

Nancy playfully elbowed him in the side. "Watch it, Byers."

Jonathan grinned. His eyes meeting Nancy's as she smiled back at him. Jonathan's eyes lingered down to Nancy's lips. Nancy leaned in, meeting Jonathan's lips with her own. The kiss lasted only a few moments before Jonathan pulled away, quietly stating, "We better get you home."

"Yeah," Nancy sighed.

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Nancy leaned over Mike, gently shaking him and whispering, "Mike." Mike was on the floor between Dustin and Lucas while Max was sleeping to the right of Lucas and Steve was sleeping on the couch. All were wrapped up in extra blankets found in the hall closet.

Nancy tried again to wake up Mike without disturbing the other kids.

"Mike. Mike. Wake up!" Nancy quietly hissed. "We need to go home."

Mike rolled over to his side, grumbling, "Go away Nancy."

"Mike, come on." Nancy stated while shaking Mike again, but more violently this time. "We need to get home before mom comes looking for us over here and we have to explain why we are having the weirdest sleepover in modern history and who the girl is."

Mike's eyes darted open, "Good point." Mike sat up and began gathering his things, none too happy that he was having to leave.

"What the hell, Nance... What time is it?" Steve groaned.

"7:20. Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you. How's your face?"

"My face will heal. My pride, on the other hand, will take some time to recover." Nancy wasn't sure if Steve was talking about getting beat up, or the fact that by all appearances Nancy was with Jonathan now. She knew that she would have to sort things out with Steve, but she also knew that neither she nor Steve were ready for that talk today. For those reasons, she felt it best not to ask the meaning of his comment.

"Can you drive the rest of the kids' home this morning? Their parents are probably worried sick." She replied instead.

"Yeah. I'll drive the little shits home later." He stated as he rolled over, determined to sleep a little bit longer.

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Mike, Nancy and Jonathan crossed the threshold of the Wheeler residence. Jonathan grabbed Nancy's hand, squeezing it gently to show his support. Nancy squeezed his hand back, bracing for her mother to come around the corner and start yelling about where they had been all night. The barrage never came.

"Mom," Nancy yelled out. Mike and Nancy looked at each other, both perplexed by the silence. Mike shrugged his shoulder communicating that he had no answers as to why they were not yet grounded. It was at this moment that Nancy saw a note on the hallway table. She

immediately recognized her mother's perfect penmanship, reading the letter out loud.

"Nancy,

Holly had a doctor's appointment in the city this morning. I didn't want to wake you and your brother. Please watch your brother while I'm gone. I'll be home this afternoon.

Love,

Mom

"Can you believe this?" Nancy stated half-amused, half-angry as she shook the letter in her hand. "Our mother didn't even know that we didn't come home last night."

"Maybe this is a good thing," Jonathan stated.

"How is this a good thing, Jonathan? They haven't seen Mike or me for three days and they apparently couldn't be bothered to realize that we didn't come home last night." Nancy stated incredulously.

"For one, that means you both won't be grounded until Mike's a senior in high school. And two, your parents trust you and Mike. Besides, Mike hid a girl in your basement for a week and your parents didn't notice. They aren't exactly the most perceptive people on the planet."

"Jonathan's right. Who cares if they didn't notice? I'm just glad that we aren't going to be grounded and we can go back over to Will's and I can see El." Mike replied happily.

"I guess." Nancy said, but she couldn't help but feel a little hurt that her parents hadn't noticed or cared about her absence.

"I'm going to shower," Mike stated as he ran up the stairs, stopping half-way before turning around. "Are you guys...together?" he asked, looking painfully awkward and amused at the same time. Jonathan looked to Nancy, not sure what to say.

"Yeah," Nancy replied. Her arms crossed, daring Mike to say anything

about it.

Fearing the look from his sister, Mike responded, "Cool," before spinning around and running upstairs.

"Come on, I'll make you guys breakfast." Jonathan stated, gently tugging on Nancy's shirt. Nancy's stomach rumbled. She didn't realize how hungry she was until Jonathan mentioned breakfast.

"I am hungry. We haven't eaten anything since Murray's." Nancy replied.

"Don't remind me. That was the most awkward breakfast of my life!" Jonathan groaned as he headed for the kitchen.

"It wasn't that bad." Nancy chuckled. "Murray was just gloating because he knew he was right about us. And he's definitely not one to let being right pass him by without letting everyone else know about it."

"I'll be sure to invite him to our wedding." Jonathan joked, immediately regretting the words as soon as they left his mouth. "I... I...um...I didn't mean...It's just..." Jonathan stammered as he turned bright red.

"Jonathan, did you just propose to me?" Nancy smirked while mining shock, deciding to have a little fun with him.

Jonathan walked over to Nancy, grabbing Nancy's hands and falling to his knees. Nancy's eyes grew as big as saucers.

"This...this thing between us is real for me. I like you...*so much*. I'm hoping this lasts for a long time." Jonathan replied earnestly. "But... perhaps I should save future marriage proposals until after we've gone on at least one date together." Jonathan grinned before jumping to his feet and heading over to the refrigerator to scope out the breakfast options.

Nancy smiled as she stared at the back of Jonathan's head. *Jonathan gives as good as he gets*, Nancy thought to herself. *This is going to be fun.*

"Let's see. Eggs, bacon and toast. Sound good to you?" Jonathan asked.

"Sounds perfect."

"How do you like your eggs?"

"You know how to make different kinds of eggs?" Nancy questioned.

"Yeah, I make breakfast all the time for Will and my mom. Breakfast is my specialty. So, how do you like your eggs? Scrambled? Over easy? Over medium?"

*Jonathan knows how to cook – second new fact of the day*, Nancy thought. She wondered how long Jonathan had been cooking for Will and his mom, and she felt a little sad that he had needed to learn those skills. Nancy could barely boil water and she never needed to learn to cook as her mother did all the cooking for them. Nancy realized how lucky she was to have the mother and father that she did even if they weren't perfect.

"Over easy. My mom only makes scrambled eggs. They're my dad's favorite. I hate scrambled eggs." Nancy grumbled.

"Over easy, it is," Jonathan replied, giving Nancy a reassuring smile. "How does Mike like his eggs?"

Nancy pondered the question for a moment before responding, "I have no idea." Nancy realized that she didn't know much about her brother's likes or dislikes. "You probably know Will's favorite eggs, don't you?"

"Scrambled." Jonathan stated matter-of-factly.

"I'm a terrible sister. I don't even know my kid brother!"

"You're not a terrible sister." Jonathan stated pulling Nancy into a hug. "Your relationship is perfectly normal. Most would not know their sibling's favorite egg choice."

"Can you show me how to make over easy eggs?" Nancy asked.

"Sure. The trick is not flipping the egg too soon." Releasing Nancy from his hug, Jonathan walked over to the stove. "First, to turn on the stove, you have to turn this knob." Jonathan sarcastically stated, slightly smirking to show Nancy that he was teasing her.

"Ha. Ha. Ha. I know how to turn on the stove, Jonathan." Nancy stated annoyingly but with a smile. *Yep, he knows how to give as good as he gets*, Nancy thought as they got to work together making breakfast.

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As Jonathan and Nancy were finishing up breakfast, Mike entered the kitchen. "I'm starved. What are we having?"

"Eggs, bacon and toast." Jonathan replied. "How do you like your eggs? Do you want scrambled?"

"God, no. I hate scrambled eggs," Mike grumbled. "Mom always makes scrambled eggs because they're dad's favorite. She never asks what kind of eggs I liked to have. Can you make over easy eggs?"

Nancy smiled at Jonathan looking surprised, who smiled back, slightly nodding to acknowledge the similarity. *Perhaps I have more in common with my little brother, then I realized*, Nancy thought.

"Great! Nancy just learned to make over easy eggs, so she'll make them for you." Jonathan grinned as he tossed the dish towel that he had draped over his shoulder towards Nancy.

"Really? Nancy knows how to cook? Since when?" Mike astonished at this new development.

"Since you were upstairs using up all the hot water, twerp." Nancy replied.

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"That was great. Thanks Nancy." Mike stated as he ate the last bite of eggs.

"You're welcome." Nancy replied, ruffling Mike's hair as she got up to

clear the table.

"I'll clean up." Mike stated as he jumped out of his seat. "You guys go shower and then we can go back and see El." Mike stopped in his tracks immediately turning bright red. "I didn't mean...together. Shower separately, obviously. Oh god!" Mike stated, growing redder by the second.

Jonathan also turned bright red, clearly embarrassed by the implications of Mike's faux pas and looking down at his shoes as to avoid Mike's and Nancy's eyes.

Nancy rolled her eyes. "You both need to grow up." Nancy replied as she grabbed Jonathan's hand and lead him out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

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As they stood together in the hall bathroom, Nancy handed Jonathan a few towels. "You can use my shampoo and conditioner. Hope you don't mind that it smells..."

"Like honey and vanilla," Jonathan interjected.

"How did you know that?" Nancy asked in awe.

"Because that's what you smell like," Jonathan softly replied as he brushed a loose strand of Nancy's hair behind her ear.

"Jonathan," Nancy whispered as she stepped forward closing the small gap between them.

Jonathan leaned down and kissed her. Nancy wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him tight against her body. Their kisses grew more passionate and wild as Nancy's hands reached under Jonathan's shirt. Jonathan picked Nancy up and placed her onto the bathroom counter as she wrapped her legs around his waist, ensuring that not a single inch was between them. Jonathan leaned into Nancy, allowing her to feel how excited he was and causing a wave a pleasure to wash over her.

"Jonathan," Nancy said breathlessly.

"Yes," Jonathan replied equally as breathless as he continued to kiss her neck and leaned into Nancy once more.

"Jonathan," Nancy's voice hitched as she found it harder to form coherent sentences in light Jonathan's body pressed against hers.

"Are guys ready yet?" Mike screamed from downstairs, clearly growing impatient.

Jonathan immediately stopped upon hearing Mike's voice, resting his head on Nancy's shoulder for a minute before stepping back from the counter and Nancy's warm body.

"I'll go and let you shower." Nancy finally said.

"Yes, I need a very long...and very cold shower." Jonathan deadpanned before giving her a slight smile.

Nancy smiled back as she stepped down off the counter, giving Jonathan a peck on the cheek before exiting the bathroom and closing the door behind her.

Nancy leaned against the door, exhaling slowly. *Yes, a long, cold shower was exactly what the doctor ordered*, Nancy thought to herself.